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THE RIPLEY ADVERTISER J. F. FORD.

TERMS:—The ADVERTISER will be issued regularly every Saturday, at \$2.50, in advance in every instance. No subscription will be received for a less period than six months. ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square, (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. Announcing candidates for office—ten for State and five for County—invariably in advance. The ADVERTISER will be required for all Job work when delivered—this rule will be strictly observed. Letters addressed to this office on business, must be post paid, or they might not be attended to. Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions on the margin, or they will be continued until ordered out, an charge accordingly.

From the N. Y. Tribune. FOREIGN NEWS.

By the packet ship England, Capt. Bartlett, we have Liverpool papers up to December 15th, which is four days later than the sailing of the last steamer. The state of trade in Liverpool was the same as the week before. An improvement was expected owing to the commercial intelligence from India and the increased confidence in the American States. In cotton there had been no speculative trade, but a steady business had been carried on.

The appeal of the Anti-corn Law League is responded to on every side with enthusiasm. Large subscriptions are raised to carry it on. Liverpool is also wide awake on the subject of Free Trade. She has contributed to the League Fund more than £1,400.

The Liverpool Mercury, in commenting on the State trials in Ireland, says that the hanging, one-sided manner in which the Government has conducted the whole affair has created sympathy for O'Connell. The Attorney General narrowly escaped having his indictment quashed. It is an advantage to O'Connell that he has got the trial postponed this term, as the present jury list contains such a large proportion of Orange Protestants compared with the Catholics. Before the 15th of January another and different list will be made out. The refusal to grant to the accused a list of the witnesses to be called against them is so manifestly unjust and partial that it has taken away from the respect for the crown.

Repeal meetings continued to be held in Ireland. It is said that they are attended by London Policemen as spies. More gunboats have been despatched to the Shannon.

A dinner has been given to Smith O'Brien at Limerick. The Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, of Lusk, has died, which has caused much excitement, as it is said that he died in consequence of taking cold on the evening of the proclamation forbidding the Clontarf meeting, he having been out in the rain the whole night to prevent the people from attending the meeting.

In celebration of the Queen's visit to Tamworth three dinners had been given to the poor, at which 2000 were fed.

The Brig Nelson Wood from Demerara to Liverpool, had been lost on Galway Island, and out of a crew of 14 only 4 were saved.

The news from the other European States and India is the same as that received by the last Havre packet.

AN "AIR LINE" BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA.—It is now likely soon to be established, for we perceive by the London Sun, that Mr. Monck Mason has now in at Willis's Rooms a model of a balloon, invented by himself, which can be both propelled and steered. This model and its doings are described in the Sun, as follows:

"The balloon is of oiled silk, and its shape is ellipsoidal, shapes which combines the highest ascending power with the least resistance to horizontal progression; below the balloon, between it and the car, but in close connexion with the latter, is a frame work of wood, in shape like the frame work of the deck of a sharp built ship, its long diameter corresponding with the long diameter of the balloon; below this frame work is the car. The propeller is an Archimedean screw of oiled silk, stretched over a light frame work. The screw resembles in shape the screw now used as a propeller on board the Archimedean steam vessels; it is suspended from the wooden frame work, and is moved by a powerful screw in the car. At the opposite end is the rudder, in

shape somewhat like a paper kite, and by means of which Mr. Monck Mason imagines he can to some extent regulate the ascending power to the balloon. There cannot be any doubt but that Mr. Mason can communicate the power of progression to his balloon by means of his Archimedean screw, which ought rather to be denominated a sucker or drawer than a propeller, inasmuch as the balloon progresses screw end foremost. The experiments exhibited yesterday place this fact beyond a doubt. The balloon having been inflated and balanced to proper elevation, was moored to a column, forming the centre of a circle round which it was to travel. The rudder and the screw were in their proper places; the spring power applied; round went the screw, and on went the balloon at a rapid rate, screw end foremost, and so continued until the spring ceased to act, when the screw ceased to turn, and the balloon became stationary. This experiment was repeated, and nothing could be more satisfactory. Every expectation that the most sanguine person could have entertained was realized. We did not witness any experiments with the rudder, but we hope again to visit Mr. Monck Mason's very interesting exhibition, when we may have an opportunity of testing the powers of the rudder."

MORE RUINS IN MEXICO.—Some remarkable ancient ruins have been recently discovered in the Department of Oajaca. In reconnoitering the district of Tancitaran, in order to ascertain the best route for a road, the survivor, Rafael Villa Gomez, came upon "the ruins of a great town" (publication) It had only been partially explored at the date of our advent, but the ruins of more than 100 houses had already been observed, and the guide said the principal edifice was still beyond.

These ruins are called "The Palaces of Mida." They exhibit a style of architecture altogether unlike the style known in art, either ancient or modern; yet they are not wanting in just proportions, symmetry and beauty, which gave splendor and grace to the whole, as well as to the parts. The ruined town must have been built by a race which preceded the Mexican, but whether by the Indians, or a people still more remote, is a question which belongs to the antiquarian, and we are not disposed to go into it here.—V. Y. Sun.

ANECDOTE.—The following is taken from an ancient history of Connecticut. Soon after the settlement of the town of New Haven, a number of persons went over to what is now called the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement, but the premises were in the peaceful possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of deposing and expelling them. To test the case a church meeting was called, and the matter determined by solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes; the first was as follows: "Voted that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." This passed in the affirmative, with great unanimity. 2d. "Voted, that the earth is given to the saints."—This was also determined like the former; *nem. con.* 3d. "Voted, we are the saints," which passing without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place, and relinquish the possession to the rightful owners.

THE WIDOW.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow was driven by the furious north wind. Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged widow, alone, and not yet alone.

During the weary day in her excessive weakness, she had not been able to step beyond the door stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed, and none heeded her destitution. She sat at evening by her small fire, half famished with hunger, and from her exhaustion unable to sleep.

She prayed that morning, "Give me this day my daily bread"—but the shadows of evening had descended upon her and her prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly opened and shut again, and upon going to the entry, found deposited, by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food which she needed, and which had the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night God only knows; but they were such as to rise up to Him, the Great Deliverer and Provider, from ten thousand hearts every day.

Many days had elapsed before the widow learnt through what agent God had sent her that timely aid. It was the impulse of a little child, who on that dismal night, seated at the fireside of her home, was prompted to express the generous wish that the poor widow whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion, and a servant was soon despatched to her miserable abode with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes all fastened at the throne of God. An angel, with noiseless wing, came down, stirred the peaceful breast of a child, and with no pomp or circumstance of the outward miracle, the widow's prayer was heard.—Port. Tribune.

From the Saturday Courier. CHRIST IN THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE.

BY MISS SHERBURN.

The sun, in all its glorious splendor, had set behind the lofty summits of the mountains of Judea, and the silvery orb of night, in its wane, while wending her swift and silent course through the blue vaulted arch of heaven, shone faintly over the quiet, but picturesque garden of Gethsemane; while the beautiful groves of Mount Olivet sent forth their rich and sweet perfume from thousands of variegated flowers, made still more fragrant by the balmy dews of their original clime.

All was still on the sacred mount, save the distant murmuring of Jordan's kingly waters, borne softly on the southern night breeze; dread silence with her mantle had closed the eyes of all on Jordan's verdant banks, and sable night had resumed its sway, when the Saviour of mankind, for the last time, slowly and pensively wended his way beneath the umbrage in the sweet garden of Gethsemane, and there, silent and unobserved, save by the all-seeing eye of his Heavenly Father, cast himself in agony on the ground, and wept. Then lifting his tearful eyes toward Heaven, he prayed his Father, if it were possible, to permit the bitter cup to pass from him; but, if nothing else would atone, then the will of his Father should be done. He arose, and such was his increased agony, that large drops of blood stood upon his sacred brow. His cup was full, and soon a voice from Calvary's bloody height proclaimed that Christ, the Saviour, was no more, asking in his last excruciating pain on the Cross, that his enemies might be forgiven.

Christ thus died a sacrifice for all mankind, and through him, and him alone, are we to find life eternal in Heaven, where all tears shall be wiped away, and where plaintive, undying music—from the choir of unnumbered angels, singing hosannah to Him who sits upon the throne for ever and ever—shall be heard, while the Saviour, at the right hand of his Heavenly Father, is seen smiling with peace and fervent love on all surrounding the eternal throne.

SHOWING OFF.—"My dear, Mr. Dressmoff," said a lady who had more pride than brain, "do let Bill, the carriage driver, gear up the horses and drive our fine carriage up and down the streets, to day?"

"What for, wife?"

"Oh, merely to show it, Mr. Dressmoff, to let the folks know that we have a car-

riage, that we are therefore not common, but stylish and grand as any body; do, now Mr. Dressmoff."

"My dear, Mrs. Dressmoff, I feel happy in yielding my assent to all your wishes, Bill, hitch the horses to our carriage, and drive all about town."

"And Bill, said Mrs. D. interruptingly, make the horses prance: make them fairly fly, when you pass Mr. Such-a-one's (Aside) Who would be common folks? That fine carriage! we are now among the quality, and it won't do for me to have any thing to do with any body who hasn't a carriage. How! there goes the carriage! oh me! but how people will eye it! and what will Mrs. Ricketystriker think, when she sees it, guess she'll conclude that there is more quality in town than herself."

(Enter servant—in great haste, with eyes two feet apart and ready to leap from their sockets.)

"Lord ha' mercy mis us! horses run away and broke de carriage all to smash! one gentleman say it neber be mended in de world."

Mrs. D. "The carriage broke! good gracious! we're undone—oh! I shall faint! we are now cut off from respectable society!"

Reader the funny part of the above lies in these two little words, to wit: *its true.*—Milton Chron.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.—By the Neapolitan steamer Erancisco I, which arrived yesterday morning, (November 22,) we have received an account of the breaking forth of Mount Etna. The mountain had been for some days heavily capped with dense clouds; some rumblings were heard at times resembling distant thunder; and many persons, especially on the west side near Bronte, imagined they felt at intervals slight shocks of earthquake or tremblings of the earth. On Saturday, about midnight, several violent explosions were heard, and fire was soon seen to ascend from near the mouth of the old crater. The stream of lava gradually increased in extent and took a course towards the town of Bronte; luckily, a few hillocks to its left served to turn the direction, which then flowed on towards the road to Palermo. On Monday, the stream of liquid fire had attained the destructive breadth of upwards of two miles; it still flowed on destroying everything in its path. The road to Palermo is closed up, filled with burning lava. The sight is awful, grand, beautiful, yet terrific beyond description. It bids fair to be the most magnificent eruption of the last century. Pray heaven it may not be more destructive; as yet its damages have been confined to a few houses and vineyards.

Malta paper.

LIFE AND DEATH OF SEXES.

The laws of life and mortality between the sexes are very remarkable. They are stated thus:

1. In the present condition of the white population of the United States, the number of females born per annum is about 12,000 less than the males. This determines of itself that polygamy is not a natural condition of man, and that the laws of our religion and nature are same—that one man shall be the husband of one woman.

2. At twenty years of age the females exceed the males. This proves that between the birth and twenty, the mortality among the boys has been much greater than that among the girls.

3. From 20 to 40 the men again much exceed the women, which shows that this is the period of the greatest mortality among women.

4. From 40 to 70 the difference rapidly diminishes, the females, as in the early part of life, gaining on the males. This shows that this is the period of greatest danger and exposure to men, the least to the women.

5. From 70 onward the women out number the men. This shows conclusively that, relatively speaking, in comparison with men, the healthiest period of female life is at its close. Absolutely, however, no period to either sex is so healthy as that of youth—the blooming period of boyhood and girlhood.

The above deductions of statistical tables correspond with every day observations of human life.

Women are exposed to peculiar hazards in the middle of life; but in the long run far the largest part of this exposure, danger, and risk, in civilized nations, fall on men in the active periods of life.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," but it appears to have run particularly rough in the case of Dr. Mackay, of New Orleans, and a fair daughter of Judge Story, of that city, of whom he had become enamored. Papa said "no;" so the pair started off in a carriage, privately, to Lafayette, to get "spliced." On the road they met the lady's brother, who attempted to stop them, but was pitched into the mud by the driver. The next obstacle with which they came in collision was not so easily got over, being a heavy dray—and they were pitched into the mud. As one of the horses was killed, the carriage smashed, and the Jennu "knocked in to a cocked hat," the lovers had to make to their personal powers of progression, and they trudged back to New Orleans through mud and rain, in the hope of finding an up-river steamboat to bear them to bliss. They found one; embarked; but the family of the lady heard of it, chartered another boat, and at the last accounts (Dec 12) the two steamers were "going it" up stream, at a boiling gallop, while the citizens on shore were giving and taking odds on the result.—N. Y. True Sun.

ITEMS.

One Bateman kissed a Mrs. Ware, not long ago in New Jersey, and was cowhided by her husband. A suit was the result either from the cowhiding or the kissing, in the circuit court of Gloucester county, which occupied several days.

The Penitentiary in Maryland clears \$500 this year for the State. It has formerly been a burthen.

Dixon H. Lewis says he has increased in weight forty pounds since March last. He now weighs 460 pounds.

In spite of all their pains, the rich are frequently the fathers, or at least the grandfathers of beggars.

No less than 352 buildings have been erected in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, since January, '42. Thriving place.

A lady is of no use at a ball without a beau. A fiddle is in the same fix.

A country editor says he will take quills for subscription. He should have added and somebody to use them.

Doctor Johnson says of small debts, that like small shot, they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound. Great debts are like cannon, of great noise and less danger.

A simple country lad, in delivering his milk a few mornings since, was asked why it was so warm, said "he did not know, unless marm put in warm water instead of cold."

Even the gallows is not permitted to effect a divorce in some cases of wedlock. James Dolan and wife, for murdering, are to be executed in Bradford co., Pennsylvania, on the 16th of February.

The Legislature of Tennessee have erected a new county in that State, which they call Jones county, in honor of their Governor.

"I TOLD YOU SO."

"Wife! wife! our cow's dead—choked with a turnip!"

"I told you so. I always know'd she'd choke herself with them turnips."

"But it was a pumpkin—a darned big one."

"Wait, it's all the same. I know'd all along how it would be. Nobody but a ninny, like you, would feed a cow on pumpkins that wasn't chopt."

"The pumpkins was chopt. And 'twan't the pumpkins neither, what choked her. 'Twas the tray—the end on't is sticking out of her mouth now."

"Ugh! Ugh! There goes my bread tray. No longer ago than yesterday, I told you the cow would swallow that tray."—Ib.